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1846-1916

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BRADFORD PAUL RAYMOND

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BRADFORD PAUL RAYMOND

BRADFORD PAUL RAYMOND, D. D., LL. D., President of Wesleyan University and Professor of Moral Philosophy, 1889-1908, Professor of English Bible, 1908-1909, Professor of Ethics and Biblical Literature, Emeritus, 1909-1916, died on Sunday, February 27th, 1916.

At the vesper service in the chapel that afternoon, the death of Dr. Raymond was announced to the assembly in the following words:—

“It is my duty to make the sad announcement that Bradford Paul Raymond, ex-President, more recently Professor emeritus in Wesleyan University, died suddenly this afternoon. He attended divine service as usual this forenoon, and was conversing with a friend in his home, and then with scarcely a moment's warning he passed away from earth. In youth a brave soldier of his country, in all his life a brave soldier of the truth, a faithful and useful pastor, the honored president of two colleges, a man of singular purity of character and sweetness of spirit. ‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.’”

On Wednesday, March 1st, the day of the funeral, all college exercises were omitted except the morning chapel service. That service was opened with the following words by President Shanklin:—

“Though a memorial service for Dr. Raymond is to be held Sunday afternoon, it is peculiarly fitting that the faculty and undergraduates of Wesleyan University should, as a body, make this recognition of him who was the head of Wesleyan for nineteen years, and whose personal character was one long service to the men of Wesleyan. His life taught Wesleyan men that integrity, the love of truth, and high, unselfish aims, make, for any man in whom they meet, a rich and happy life.”

In the afternoon of that day, the funeral service was held at Dr. Raymond's home. The funeral services were conducted by the Reverend William D. Beach, Pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Professors Winchester and Rice, and the Right Reverend E. Campion Acheson, D. D., Suffragan Bishop of Connecticut.

On Sunday, March 5th, a Memorial Service in honor of Dr. Raymond, under the auspices of Wesleyan University, was held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church. President Shanklin presided. Prayer was offered by the pastor of the church. Addresses were delivered by Professors Rice and Winchester, Rev. F. Mason North, D. D., who has been for many years a member of the Board of Trustees of the college, and Rev. Azel W. Hazen, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Middletown. In arranging the plan of the memorial service, it was understood that Professor Rice should give a biographical sketch of Dr. Raymond, and that the other speakers should speak of various phases of his character and work as they had appeared to a colleague in the Faculty, to a member of the Board of Trustees, and to a fellow-worker in the civic and religious life of the town. The four addresses are published entire in this pamphlet.

The profound respect and warm esteem felt for Dr. Raymond by all who had been in any manner associated with him found expression in resolutions adopted by various organizations in college and in town. In this pamphlet are published the resolutions of the Board of Trustees of Wesleyan University, the Faculty, the College Body, the Wesleyan Chapter of Commons Clubs, the Official Board of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Mansfield Post of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Memorial Service

ADDRESS BY
WILLIAM NORTH RICE

Bradford Paul Raymond, son of Lewis and Sallie A. Raymond, was born in the little village of High Ridge, in Stamford, Connecticut, April 22, 1846. His life therefore nearly reached the traditional limit of three-score years and ten. The influences of his childhood home revealed themselves in his life and character. His father was a farmer, living on a farm which he had inherited from a former generation. Though possessed of no more than a common school education, he was a man of vigorous and active intellect, the leader of a debating society in which the farmers of that part of the town were accustomed to meet, deeply interested in the affairs of town and state and nation, and influential in local politics. From him the son may well have derived his intense patriotism and his wide outlook upon public affairs. For the influence revealed in the profoundly religious spirit of the son, he was chiefly indebted to his mother. A woman of great religious earnestness, she prayed for her children, and she prayed with them, and her prayers were richly answered. Her husband had been in his early life not altogether in harmony with the teachings of the more conservative Christian denominations, but in his later life he was a member of the Methodist Church and a teacher in the Sunday School.

Bradford was educated in the district school in High Ridge. The little community supported no high school, but they were fortunate in having some good teachers, who inspired their pupils with a love of learning, and who led them somewhat beyond the curriculum of the ordinary graded school.

When Bradford was fifteen years old, the controversy in the nation over the slavery question suddenly flamed into war. The farmers of High Ridge had been deeply interested in political questions, and responded loyally when the call to arms sounded on their ears. From almost every house along the village street, one or more of the sons went into the army

of the country. Two of the older brothers of the Raymond family enlisted early in the war. Young Bradford waited impatiently for the years to pass until he should reach the minimum age of military service. When he reached the age of eighteen, he could wait no longer. He left his home and enlisted in the 48th New York regiment. He served in the Fort Fisher campaign, but contracted malarial fever and spent a considerable part of the period of his enlistment in the hospital. He came home at the end of the war with his health considerably broken, his body still shaking with malarial chills.

Soon after his return he went to Red Wing, Minnesota, whither an uncle and an older brother had preceded him. Soon after his arrival there he experienced an intense religious awakening. Earlier in life he had had a conviction that he ought to enter the ministry of the gospel, but he was unwilling to do so. In his new experience of religious life he gave himself unreservedly to the service of God. With an enthusiasm like that which had led him into the army of his country, he enlisted in the service of Christ, ready to go wherever he might be sent and to do whatever duty might be assigned to him. From that time until his death, his life was one of consistent loyalty to Christian principle.

With his new outlook upon life he felt the need of a larger education. About a dozen years before, a little college had been established in Red Wing under the name of Hamline University. In 1869 the institution lapsed into a state of suspended animation. Subsequently it renewed its life in Saint Paul. Young Raymond somehow acquired some sort of preparation for college, entered Hamline University in 1866, and remained in the institution until it closed its doors in 1869. During the last year of its existence in Red Wing, the college was kept running largely by the efforts of Raymond and another student, who persuaded instructors and students to hold on till the close of the year, and begged money to provide for current expenses. Thus he served early an apprenticeship for the duties of a college president.

The life at Red Wing in still another way profoundly influenced the future career of young Raymond, for it was there that he met Miss Lulu A. Rich, who was destined to be the

light of his life and the mistress of his home for more than two-score years.

When the college at Red Wing closed its doors, Raymond went to Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin, where he completed the college course in 1870. The next three years were spent in the School of Theology of Boston University. There he became profoundly interested in the study of philosophy, particularly in its relation to religion.

The seven years following his graduation from the School of Theology were spent in the pastorate in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and Providence, Rhode Island. Then came a year in Germany, devoted to his favorite studies in philosophy and theology. Returning from Europe, Raymond spent two years more in the pastorate in Nashua, New Hampshire. In all the churches that he served, he was greatly beloved. His sermons were scholarly, thoughtful, spiritual; his kindness and genial sympathy endeared him to his people as a friend and counsellor.

In 1883 Dr. Raymond left the pastorate and entered upon what was destined to be the main work of his life—the work of college education. From 1883 to 1889 he was President of Lawrence University, his alma mater. The high success which he gained there as administrator and as teacher commended him to the favorable attention of the trustees of Wesleyan University. November 19, 1888, Dr. Raymond was elected President and Professor of Moral Philosophy in Wesleyan University, and he entered upon his duties in Wesleyan at the beginning of the following college year. He held that position in Wesleyan University until 1908.

The nineteen years of his presidency in Wesleyan were years in which important progress was made in various phases of the life of the college. Old South College reconstructed to serve as an administrative building, the new North College which rose from the ashes of the old one, the Scott Physical Laboratory and Willbur Fisk Hall, the Fayerweather Gymnasium, the president's mansion, the Andrus athletic field—are visible monuments of the progress made in the material equipment of the college during his administration. In 1889 the land and buildings of the college were valued at \$400,000. In 1908 they were valued at \$885,362, and in addition \$46,136 was invested

as a fund to be used, when the proper time should come, in the building of an astronomical observatory. The library, museum, apparatus, and other personal property employed in the uses of the college increased in value from \$109,630 to \$197,643. The endowment in 1889 was \$698,556; in 1908, \$1,460,783.

The value alike of the plant and of the endowment was more than doubled. In the first year of Dr. Raymond's administration the faculty numbered 19 and the student body 218. In the last year the faculty numbered 35 and the student body 316. The increase in numbers of faculty and students was respectively 84 and 45 per cent.

The great change in the life of the college from the old system of fixed curriculum and narrow pedagogic methods and faculty surveillance, to the freer modern life of elective studies and individual laboratory work and student responsibility, had taken place sixteen years before the advent of Dr. Raymond at Wesleyan. He was profoundly in sympathy with the new Wesleyan to whose presidency he was called. Important changes made during his administration carried to a fuller realization the ideals of the great reform of 1873.

The honor system in examinations took the place of faculty espionage. Alas! We have not reached the millennium, but no one of us in faculty or student body wants to go back to the old system. A Committee of Conference was established, including representatives of faculty and students, a committee of which the undergraduate members form the College Senate. The Faculty have not forgotten, and will not forget, that the constitution of the college imposes upon them the responsibility of government, and they have no disposition to abdicate; but the better understanding which has come from the frank and friendly discussions in the committee of conference, and the stronger sense of responsibility which has been created in the minds of the students as the result of the measure of self-government with which they have been intrusted, have been profoundly wholesome in the recent life of the college.

The greatest change which has been made in the curriculum at any time since 1873 came just at the close of Dr. Raymond's administration. In the new curriculum the principle of election is carried farther than ever before in this college. The

only studies absolutely required for a baccalaureate degree are algebra, geometry, rhetoric, and English composition. All else is elective, and a student may become a Bachelor of Arts without Greek and without any mathematics beyond algebra and geometry. Yet this by no means implies that a student is left to drift without any guidance. Excessive specialization is prevented, not by the requirement of a considerable list of specifically required studies, but by the group system, which requires a student to elect a certain number of courses in each of the great departments of human thought. The opposite tendency to the dissipation of a student's time in a multitude of elementary courses without any advanced work, is counteracted by the system of major studies.

The men who in 1831 founded Wesleyan University were profoundly religious men, and were not ashamed to be known as Methodists. Their loyalty to Methodism found expression in the very unfortunate name which was given to the institution. But with all their denominational zeal they showed a spirit of true liberality in the provision in the charter "that no by-laws or ordinances shall be established by said corporation, which shall make the religious tenets of any person a condition of admission to any privilege in said university; and that no president, professor or other officer shall be made ineligible for or by reason of any religious tenets that he may profess, nor be compelled by any by-laws or otherwise to subscribe to any religious test whatever." Unfortunately, in 1870 a narrow and reactionary spirit influenced the trustees of the college, and a new charter was secured which provided "that at all times the majority of the Trustees, the President and a majority of the Faculty shall be members of the Methodist Episcopal Church." The close of Dr. Raymond's administration was signalized by the adoption in 1907 of a new charter, which abolished the denominational restriction imposed by the charter of 1870, and provided "that no denominational test shall be imposed in the choice of trustees, officers, or teachers, or in the admission of students."

During all his administration as President, Dr. Raymond was also Professor of Moral Philosophy. The studies which he taught, though varying somewhat from year to year, were in general such studies as are now included in the department of Ethics and Religion. His work in the class room was felt

by many students as a profound moral and religious inspiration. His mind was hospitable to the new truth which modern science and criticism have discovered, but he taught ever in the spirit of one to whom Christian faith is not a theory but a life. And alike in teaching and in administration, the purity of his character, his transparent frankness, and his kindliness of spirit made him a benediction to the students who came under his influence. His relation with his colleagues in the Faculty was that of loving comradeship.

In 1907 Dr. Raymond offered his resignation of the presidency, to take effect a year later. It was arranged that he should remain as professor, and he looked forward to what he hoped might be the happiest and most richly useful period of his life. Relieved of the cares and perplexities of administration, he hoped to devote himself to investigation and teaching in those studies in which from his student days he had been profoundly interested. But his hope was disappointed. Instead of recovery of health and vigor, the years brought only increasing weakness. In 1908 Professor Raymond was granted leave of absence, and a year later it became obvious that there was no hope of such improvement of his health as would enable him to do systematic work as a teacher. In 1909, therefore, he became professor emeritus, and that was his relation to the college until the time of his death.

In these years of retirement, Dr. Raymond's patience under limitations, and his purity, unselfishness, and gentleness, have deepened the love with which his friends have regarded him. He has seen the college that he loved advancing under other guidance to a larger prosperity; he has seen his old colleagues doing that work of investigation and of teaching in which he had hoped to share. But he has trodden his narrow path without envy and without repining. When for the last time he stood in this pulpit, and spoke of that great hope of immortality to which saints and seers and bards have borne witness, and to which the risen Lord gave strong assurance, we knew not how thin was the veil between him and the glories of the life eternal. The light of the other world shone through and illumined his spirit. One week ago he joined in the worship of this church, and then in a moment he joined in the holier worship of the church triumphant in heaven. "He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him."

ADDRESS BY
FRANK MASON NORTH

One must speak to-day in this presence in terms of the heart. When the appraisal of character is made—the carefully balanced summary of the qualities which made Bradford Paul Raymond what he was, and the judicial valuation of the services which gave him his place among the potent workers and constructive thinkers of his generation,—his name will be starred for High Honors, the *magna cum laude*, in the record both of this University and of the Church.

But now we are thinking of our friend as, in and out among us, he moved in home and church, in town and college. We recall him in the relaxations of familiar fellowship, in the sorrows, anxieties, the ministrations and delights of his ever hospitable family circle, in the tests, the stimulation and the humors of travel, in the play of repartee and the strain of serious discussion, in the sobering responsibilities and perplexities of official administration, in the mental and spiritual processes of platform and pulpit address, in the sacred intimacies of personal confidences, in the days of shadow and dread when suspicion of the arrest of physical effectiveness hardened into certainty, when the test, than which life brings scarce any more exacting—the forced exchange of the ardor of the advance for the quiet waiting for a foreseen and inevitable end,—had come to him.

What drew us to him and held us as by hooks of steel? What gave us great contentment and refreshing in his friendship?

Perhaps, primarily, that he was *natural*. He was not indifferent to the etiquette of life, but he could not be persuaded to make the mode of things a main objective. He was quite content without sash and epaulets, though he was found a good soldier when he was scarcely more than a boy. It was with amused reluctance that he yielded to the modern demands for scholastic robing. He delighted in plain dealing and simple

ways. He was at home in high company and equally at home with children or with the man of the street. His native dignity set natural bounds to encroachment, but he was not infrequently amused to find himself distinguished. He ever felt upon his face the breath of his native hills. He was reverent towards nature, and found a joy in the companionship of the beings of every kind which God had made and in the wonders of a world which to him was the work of his Almighty Father.

Then, he was *genuine*. He could neither simulate nor dissimulate. Imitation and pretense were alike foreign to his nature. He was devoted to his books, and in the busy occupations of his official life mourned aloud and often that he could find so little time for these trusted friends of all the ages. But he did his own thinking. It was a delight to watch him in public address unfold, illustrate, and bring to fruition a theme or a thought. He was genuine in his affections and his friendships. His conscience was not pampered. His moral perceptions were without embarrassing hesitations. He was tolerant of others, both as to their thinking and their defects of conduct. But he promptly recognized a sham, whether it wore clothes and walked about, or took to type and had itself bound in cloth or morocco. His genuineness kept him from some successes and won for him many victories.

He was *unselfish*. He had a self, strong, ardent, patient, purposeful. His achievement in life owed less to aptness of circumstance than to strength of will. He aimed to do things and to do them well. He was not softly indifferent to excellence and success. To him life meant action,—action on his own part, the interaction with forces and persons toward the attainment of noble ends. He had high ambitions for the University. Stones in its broader foundations were laid firm and true by his industry and skill. Whatever there was either within him or at his command he invested in this college, and the investment will yield large dividends as long as the college stands.

He *had* a self. He *was* a self. He was individual. He was a strong personality. But he was rarely, if ever, self-conscious. He was not self-centered. No one ever thought of him as a self-seeker. He was intensely human in his interpretation of

life and in his sympathies. His was a broad conception of the significance of the Kingdom of God. To it, in his thinking, belonged all learning, all industrial conditions, all social progress. He reckoned with himself as one of God's men, whose business in the world is not with themselves but with God's Kingdom. "The Kingdom of God and His righteousness"—these, this man, this fine friend of ours, sought first. Selfishness shrivels under the flame of such holy enthusiasm for God's will and God's world. In men so controlled, it is impossible that their ambitions shall coerce their ethics or that their conduct shall be determined by sinister aims. God is in all their thoughts and their life is the expression of His will.

Since the day when the hand of God touched his bonds and released Bradford Paul Raymond for the free, open life he loved, I have listened while one and another who knew him well have spoken of him. It has all been in the language of the heart. For myself, I have been moved to add a note to the marginal references at one of the favorite verses of all Christian aspiration. It is in Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. Dr. Raymond, as a matter of fact, was rather devoted to the great Apostle whose name he bore. He found stimulation for both mind and spirit in thinking after him. He was eager to follow him as he followed Christ. Alongside of Galatians v, 22, 23, in my Bible, I have written the initials of my friend, B. P. R. With him in your mind, his character, his temper, his method, his achievement, weigh deliberately the words of this wonderful trilogy of spiritual qualities. They describe the very essence of character, the eternal standard of conduct. Think of him, I say, while you listen to the Apostle Paul saying,

"The fruit of the Spirit is:
Love, Joy, Peace,
Long-suffering, Kindness, Goodness,
Faithfulness, Meekness, Self-control."

What higher, what truer word can be spoken of our friend than this, that there is no shock to taste, to intelligence, nor to conscience, in writing here the name of Bradford Paul Raymond?

ADDRESS BY
AZEL WASHBURN HAZEN

"Middletown has lost a good citizen," has been a common remark here of late. Few men have ever won the esteem of this entire community as Dr. Raymond did. He made a conquest of us all, regardless of political or social lines. He manifested a genuine and an intelligent interest in the well-being of the city. He was never heard to speak ill of it. He desired that it might prosper, and contributed his full measure of thought, as well as of action, to that end. He was faithful to his obligations as a citizen. When health and occasion allowed, he was glad to speak to his fellow-men on themes of secular or religious importance. His words were never idle, but freighted with practical wisdom. His noble patriotism often stirred the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, as well as all others who felt its throb in his warm heart. His sermons in our pulpits, and his addresses on special occasions abounded in high thinking, clothed in language fitted to send them home to the hearts of his hearers. It was a joy to him to speak in public, not for his own sake, but for the sake of others. His lofty eloquence will not soon be forgotten by those who had the rare privilege of sitting under its spell.

Dr. Raymond was a firm friend of education for the people. While at the head of a cherished institution for higher learning, he keenly appreciated the value of the public schools. He contributed not a little to lessen the distance between the University and the town, showing that the prosperity of the former enhanced that of the latter. It is not easy to estimate his influence in this regard. Likewise, he often lifted up his voice in behalf of temperance and other wise reforms. You never doubted as to where he would stand on questions pertaining to the civic welfare.

Notwithstanding all this fruitful service, Dr. Raymond did most for the town by the nobility of his character. The fragrance of his upright and holy life was diffused wherever

he went. Dean Stanley, speaking in Baltimore in 1878, uttered these sagacious words:—"The lapse of years has only served to deepen in me the conviction that no gift can be more valuable than the inspiration of a great character working on our own." And this stalwart character did its beneficent work here for more than a quarter of a century. How was it built? Hear the profound words of President Raymond himself: "The fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the hope of immortality are doctrines supported by our ideals, since these ideals cannot be realized without them." He felt that "other foundation can no man lay, than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." He had no need to use the lamentable direction of another,— "Take my influence and bury it with me." Fellow-citizens of Middletown, let us never forget that the master-key to a better future for ourselves and for our beloved city is not that of circumstance, but that of character.

Our friend has surely joined

"The choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low."

ADDRESS BY
CALEB THOMAS WINCHESTER

After these most sincere and moving tributes to the character and work of President Raymond as a pastor, teacher, college president, citizen, it only remains for me to say a very few words of him as we knew him in the ordinary work and business of life as neighbor and friend, and of those traits of his character that came first to our thought when we heard he was gone and that will linger longest in our memory.

I think a great many people said to themselves last Sunday: "I have lost a friend." Dr. Raymond made acquaintances easily everywhere and with all classes of people; and all those who knew him felt the charm of his genial, open nature. There was nothing reserved or exclusive or distant about him. Said a man to me on Main Street yesterday: "It is sad about Dr. Raymond. I always liked to talk with that man. Somehow, you could always touch Dr. Raymond." Everybody liked to talk with him; and so wide were his sympathies and so broad and kindly his interest in all sorts of people, that everybody found something congenial in him. The man on the street or the man at the plow, the man in the office or the man in the professor's chair—they all could "touch Dr. Raymond." Some men like to talk for the sake of argument. They are on the lookout for points of difference. Dr. Raymond was always looking out for points of agreement and sympathy. He was not one of your men who weakly assent to whatever you say in a kind of lazy good nature; he had formed opinions of his own on almost all subjects of discussion, educational, political, theological; but his opinions were never narrow and bigoted. There was nothing harsh, censorious, arrogant, about the man. His temper was essentially brotherly. In all the twenty-seven years I knew him, I never heard him say a single malicious or contemptuous word of any man. A large-minded, warm-hearted, brotherly man!

And what a cheerful man he was in all his days! And that is saying much when we remember those later years. Cheerfulness is easy when life runs smoothly on as you would like to have it; but Dr. Raymond had to bear one of the very sorest trials that come to a man—the very sorest trial, I think, that could come to a man of his temperament and his hopes. When his mental powers were at their highest, all his larger plans as yet only half realized, his love for the thoughtful life of a student as yet undimmed and undiminished, then he had to hear the imperative command: “Stop there! You must surrender all your larger plans. You must not stand in the preacher’s pulpit nor sit in the professor’s chair. You cannot read or study or think intensely any more. You may live on for years, perhaps, if you will practice an irksome carefulness, but you can no longer do what you have been hoping and preparing all your days to do. You must be, hereafter, mostly a spectator in the great work of life.” That was virtually the command that President Raymond met some dozen years ago, when he knew that his inexorable disease had fastened itself upon him. And how did he meet it? Like a hero and a Christian. He turned away from his chosen pursuits. He gave up those plans and labors to which his life had been devoted. He tried to find satisfaction in the outdoor life to which he was committed; in the varied observation of men and things in his occasional travels; in the renewal of old friendships and the reviving of old memories; and, above all, in the increased companionship of his own family, his children and his grandchildren. Those of us who saw him constantly in those years know well how much of quiet self-denial and restriction all this surrender meant. “I can’t read them very much now-a-days,” he said to me once in his library, in a cheerful tone but with rather a wistful look about his bookshelves. As I used to see him riding about the country on horseback in those days, and knew how much rather he would have been at home in his study, his temper seemed to me nothing less than heroic. And through it all he never lost his cheerfulness. His memory was stored with an abundance of things that are honest and pure and just and lovely and of good report to think upon. He had that excellent gift of God—a quick sense of humor, genial but never

sarcastic or with any trace of cynicism; and this humor was more delightful in those years than ever. In fact, I sometimes think he cultivated it all the more in those days which might have been so cheerless. He tried to enjoy his "leisure," as he called it, and to make others enjoy it too. He was always hopeful and cheery. It was always good to be in his company. Still more characteristic of his noble and unselfish nature was it that he never abated one jot of his interest in what had been the great work of his life, now that he could himself no longer conduct or share it; and he gave his most cordial and loyal support to those to whom the work was now entrusted. Did any one in all those years ever hear Bradford P. Raymond utter a single word either of complaint or of envy? I never did.

How did he live so through those years? You know the answer. He was a Christian man. He believed that the steps of a good man, though they may not follow the paths he would himself have chosen, are yet ordered of the Lord,—and as we saw him, we believed that too. More than twenty years ago he wrote a little book on Christian evidences, and a very wise and beautiful little book I think it; but his life for the last ten years has been a living epistle, teaching as no words can, the kindness, the patience, the cheer and helpfulness that grow out of an unshaken faith in the Master's love.

One week ago this morning he sat in his accustomed place in this church and, at the close of the service, joined with the congregation in singing the closing hymn. The last words of that hymn were probably the last words of Christian verse ever on his lips.

"Green pastures are before me, which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, where darkest clouds
have been.
My hope I cannot measure; my path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure, and He will walk with me."

An hour later and he was gone. Much as we grieve, we cannot but feel a certain solemn joy that it was not after a period of long and wasting decay, but in an hour of Sabbath quiet, in the peace and love of his home, that at last the Master said, "It is enough!", touched his heart, and called him instantly home.

Resolutions

THE BOARD OF
TRUSTEES OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

The Trustees of Wesleyan University, with warm affection for a cherished friend and profound respect for a noble character, place upon the record this brief remembrance of Bradford Paul Raymond, ex-President of the University, and, at the time of his death, February 27, 1916, Professor Emeritus of Ethics and Biblical Literature.

The presidency of Dr. Raymond extended over a period of nineteen years, 1889-1908. It was the longest in the history of the institution. Including the years of retirement from actual teaching, he was professor of Moral Philosophy and kindred subjects for more than twenty-six years.

When, at the beginning of the academic year of 1889, he stood at the threshold of the great opportunity offered to him by the election in the previous November, he had already been for six years a college president. His Alma Mater, Lawrence University, had called him to this high service when he was but thirty-seven years of age. Before that his course of training had taken him through the perils and privations of war, the struggles for a college education, the discipline of the theological school, the intellectual and spiritual tests of study in Germany, and, for several years, the experiences of a pastor. His nature was like his thinking, simple, generous, straightforward, hospitable; and through these phases of varied experience he gathered rich resources for use and investment in the many vital years during which he was President of Wesleyan University.

Though he came a comparative stranger to trustees, faculty, and students, he was received by all with heartiest welcome. Soon he was found to be as profound as he was candid, as strong as he was simple, as witty as he was brave, as firm as he was gentle, as eloquent as he was companionable. He became to many a wise counselor, to not a few a trusted friend, to the college a safe and unselfish First Director, to its constituency a representative, faithful ever to its interests and ardent in devotion to its ideals.

Through the years came many tests both of wisdom and courage. Discipline was to be enforced. Financial emergencies were to be met. Adjustments of curricula and of administrative methods were inevitable. Ideals and customs, honored through long years, were to be interpreted in the light of a new intellectual and social spirit. Elsewhere will surely be written the story of progress and achievement. Here we, who shared with him in the fellowship of this service of administration during the score of years of his presidency, make record of our admiration for the spirit in which Dr. Raymond conducted the business, dealt with the administration, and advanced the interests of Wesleyan University in this critical period of its development.

There was in him no liking for the spectacular. He was a philosopher, and well he knew that growth is quiet. He was, in the deepest meaning of the word so often misunderstood, a Christian; and was well persuaded that the walls of a college are invisible, and that they rise without sound of hammer. Doubtless beyond the satisfaction that justly might come in the enlargement of the material equipment and endowment, the increase of the faculty and of the student body, and the broadening of the curriculum, there would be in his modest soul during these later years of physical infirmity a rare joy that, in class after class for nineteen years, he and those associated with him had been building into stalwart character the rich realities of the eternal life.

Grateful for the intellectual and spiritual ministry of President Raymond in Wesleyan University, and convinced that the lengthening years will add new significance to the achievements of the institution while under his administration, the Trustees count it a high honor to have shared in the aspirations and endeavors of one so true and so noble, of one who belongs so naturally in the succession of Presidents who from the beginning have given to the University an exalted leadership.

The Trustees direct that a copy of this minute be sent to Mrs. Raymond, with the assurance of their profound sympathy with her and her children in their great sorrow.

THE FACULTY

We, the members of the Faculty of Wesleyan University, desire to express our sense of irreparable loss in the death of Bradford Paul Raymond, connected so long and so intimately with the life of the college. In his presidency of nineteen years Dr. Raymond showed himself untiring in his labors for the growth and success of the institution of which he was the head, and which owes so much to him.

As a man he was faithful and upright and true. His kindness of heart, his courtesy and tact, his sense of humor, his life of simple piety spent in the service of his Master, won him the love of all who knew him. In his sudden passing away we mourn the patriot soldier, the thinker and scholar, the faithful friend and Christian gentleman.

THE COLLEGE BODY

WHEREAS, God, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, has seen fit to take from our midst our beloved Professor and former President, Bradford Paul Raymond, and

WHEREAS, we realize that there has passed from us an honored President and inspired preacher of the Gospel, who by his Christian spirit, loyalty to God and nation, and high ideals of scholarship, has had a dominant influence in the development of our University; be it therefore

RESOLVED, that we the members of the College Body of Wesleyan University do publicly extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy and condolence in this, their great bereavement; and be it further

RESOLVED, that copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, be placed on the records of the College Body, and be published in the Middletown papers and the Wesleyan Argus.

THE WESLEYAN CHAPTER OF COMMONS CLUBS

WHEREAS, it hath seemed best to the infinite Source and Giver of all life to take from among us our honored elder brother, friend, and counsellor, Bradford Paul Raymond, ex-President, Professor emeritus, and eminent scholar; and

WHEREAS, we the members of the Wesleyan Chapter of Commons Clubs feel very deeply so sudden and great a loss; be it therefore

RESOLVED, that we extend our most sincere sympathy to his family in their time of sorrow; and be it further

RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Raymond, and that another copy be entered upon the records of this organization, and that another copy be sent to the Wesleyan Argus.

THE OFFICIAL BOARD OF THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

In the death of Bradford Paul Raymond, this church has lost a valued member and each individual in it has lost a beloved friend.

Undeterred by his arduous duties to the college of which he was the head, and to the denomination at large, he threw himself whole-heartedly into the work of this church. He seldom missed a service which he could attend. In the prayer meeting his voice was upraised in prayer, testimony, and song, and in each we heard him with delight. To hear his outpouring of soul in the meeting was an inspiration; to shake his hand afterwards and receive his hearty, genial greeting, was a benediction. There are many of us who can never forget some word of appreciation or encouragement uttered in no perfunctory or conventional spirit but in the true spirit of Christian brotherliness.

Soldier of God and of his country, preacher of the gospel as well from his daily life as from the pulpit, champion of the highest ideals in education, civic life, and in all human relations—in the long roll of men and women who by their life and death have made this church rich in fragrant memories, Doctor Raymond holds a worthy place.

His kindly demeanor, his uncomplaining endurance, his great faith in all that was good and noble in man, and his supreme trust in the overshadowing providence of God were long known to the people of this church. By the abiding memory of these things he, being dead, yet speaketh.

“ Though our lips may breathe adieu,
We cannot think the thing “farewell.”

MANSFIELD POST
OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

WHEREAS, our Divine Commander having transferred our beloved comrade, Bradford Paul Raymond, from the earthly field of operations to the spiritual field eternal, we loyally submit to the order of transfer, though our hearts are filled with sorrow over our loss, which is very great; and

WHEREAS, the feeling of abiding friendship, fostered amid the trying scenes of war, bound our comrade to us in the strongest ties of comradeship, making him one with us, and of us, loyal, patriotic, true, and ever glad to promote our uplift and general welfare;

RESOLVED, that the influence of his example will ever abide with us as a constant incentive to right living, and that we, sorrowing with them in their loss, extend to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

RESOLVED, that, as a tribute of respect to his memory, Mansfield Post Charter be draped for the usual period as evidence of a departed comrade, that these minutes be spread upon the records of this Post, and that a copy be presented to the members of our comrade's family.



Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

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